

The Sour Milk

22

G A R L A N D,

Composed in three Excellent

N E W S O N G S.

- I. The Sour Milk; or, the Lasse got with
Child with the Kirn-staff.
- II. The Humours of the Age.
- III. The Arch Denial.



Licensed and entered according to Order.




The SOUR MILK GARLAND



*The Sour Milk; or, the Laffie got with Child with
the Kirn-staff.*

I Heard a Talk in Glasgow Town,
I'm deafen'd with the Clink o't;
They father the Bairns on the Kirn,
If once they get a Drink o't.

*And Sour Milk's the Daddy o't,
Keep Sour Milk for me;
An you meddle with the Kirn-staff,
A Minney you will be.*

The Cocklar of the Kirn-staff, 
Who made the Butter come,
He came to take good Night of her,
Before her Days were done.

And Sour Milk, &c.

I hope, laid he, you will not die,
For you are big with Child:
She said, you're not the Father o't,
What makes you talk so wild?

And Sour Milk, &c.

The Laff that drank the Sour Milk,
Her Name we put a blank fer't;
For when we tell the Veriry,
We get but little Thank for't.

And Sour Milk, &c.

It made her Mother fore to weep,
And to the Neighbours say,

Wh

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What will I do, my Daughter now
She dies in a decay.

And Sour Milk, &c.

No tear, say they, of a Decay:

'Then said another Wife,
Although she drank the Sour Milk,
She'll turn again to Life.

And Sour Milk, &c.

At this the Maid offended was,
She gloom'd, and look'd right faucy;
aid, prove the meaning of your words,
But now it's on the Cawsey.

And Sour Milk, &c.

What answers thou my Daughter now,
Or when grew you this Way?
I'll tell the Truth, with my own Mouth,
I drank the Milk in May.

And Sour Milk, &c.

has been strong and done me wrong,
The Herbs being in their Prime,
grealy made my Belly swell,
I ne'er been well sensyne.

And Sour Milk, &c.

Who wou'd have thought so fine a Maid,
Who keep'd herself so trim,
You'd tasted of forbidden Fruit,
Before her Season came.

And Sour Milk, &c.

has been sweet and she took of
O lovely when she drank it;
t now she glooms when Butter comes,
it's rowed in a Blanker.

And Sour Milk, &c.

When

When she grew sick and could not speak,
 Her Time was drawing nigh;
 Her Friends came in her Pulse to find,
 And see the Laffie die.

And Sour Milk, &c.

Her Mother said, I'm fore afraid
 She die out of my Sight.

Her Neighbour's Wife, she did reply,
 I'll rather wake a Night.

And Sour Milk, &c.

Would you leave the Lass in such a Mood,
 More need to hold her Back;
 I fear she's lost her Maidenhead,
 Or else its got a Crack.

And Sour Milk, &c.

A Surgeon came to try his Hand.

She look'd on him right Nice;

O will you die? no fear said he,

But I will give you Spice.

And Sour Milk, &c.

He sent a Pill which did reveal

What was the Milk she got;

And when the Child it born was,

He cried, O what was that!

And Sour Milk, &c.

You need not go to Physick Wall,

Nor heed what Surgeons say,

But drink ye off the Sour-milk,

Into the Month of May.

And Sour Milk,

Now all you Lords and Gentlemen,
 Wants Heirs to your Estates;

Apply

ply but to the Medicine,
 And Children you may get,
And Sour Milk's the Duddy o't,
Keep Sour Milk from me,
An' you meddle with the Kirn-staff,
A Minny you will be.

The Humours of the Age.

An Entlemen Farmer, I pray now attend
 Unto those few Verses which now I have penn'd
 These Lines, my dear Neighbours, are absolute new,
 These, my Ditty's both merry and true.

Now when you repair to a Market or Fair,
 In the midst of the Crowd I'd have you take care;
 Keep your Hands in your Pockets, it is the best Way,
 Lest some of my Neighbours they should you betray.

There's Wages for Servants, and the Landlord's Rent,
 There's Tithe for the Parson, he must have the Tenth;
 The rest of our Taxes does go to the King,
 Which shews the poor Farmers has all to maintain.

There's Hunting and Hawking is Gentlemens Game,
 Whilst we poor Farmers must toil on the Plain;
 Fro' Cold, Wind and Rain, we must work all the Day,
 We are flaved like Negroes, and nothing dare say.

If any poor Farmer is forc'd to the Law,
 Then on the Pursuit his Gold he must draw;
 Without that Companion his Cause is not heard,
 His Suit it is cast, and thrown over-board.

The Lawyers and Attornies are full of Policy,
 If they are bribed they will never comply
 And he that wants Money he need not come there,
 He's buff'd like a Beggar, and turn'd down the Stair.

To find a just Miller it is very rare,
 To find one that's honest, not one in five Score;
 In grinding a Bushel they will steal a Peck,
 In cheating the Farmers they are not very slack.

The Weavers they are cunning and apt to deceive
 Our innocent Wives, and make them believe
 More Yarn is wanting, to finish the Web;
 It's only ten Hanks, and that does the Job.

The next is the Taylor that ne'er counted lill,
 He's both blood-thirsty, and given to steal:
 The Barber's his Brother, I vow and protest,
 You scarcely can tell which of them best,

The next comes the Shoemaker in midst of the Throng,
 He swears that his Shoes are both firm and strong;
 Tho' the Outside be glaz'd, the inside's but slight,
 There's scarce one in forty among them that's right.

The Tanners, and Skinners, and Glovers also,
 And likewise the Hatters, they make a fine Show;
 There's Cheats in all Trades amongst them you see,
 So happy is the Man that is honest and free.

The Bakers they are cunning in Kneading their Paste,
 Their Bread's like a Sponge and heav'd up with Yest;
 The Craft of the Butchers you never can find,
 The half of their Meat it's blown up with Wind.

The Masons and labourers that work by the Day,
 Tho' they work but slowly they must have their Pay;
 They're scarce worth half Wages if they had their Due,
 Believe me dear Neighbours it's certainly true.

The Doctors and Surgeons some say they're to blame,
 That they live by Extortion, oft their Skill proves in vain;
 To find a just Doctor you certainly may,
 As well seek a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

Our great Shopkeepers it's their their daily Cry,
 Walk in Gentlemen, see what you please to buy;
 By doubling the Price they have raised they Stock,
 Believe me dear Gentlemen this is not a Joke.

At last comes the Blacksmith that should have been first,
 He is always choak'd up a damnable Thirst; The

The next is the Painter with his Coat of Blue,
To find one that's honest, you'll have something to do.

Some say the Exciseman takes more than his Due,
Which makes the poor Ale-wife look damnable blue;
But Roger the Brewer, cries, I'll fit them for that,
As long as fresh Water is cheaper than Malt.

For Fear that my Liquor should run in their Head,
I'll purify it well let the Colour be red;
Rum, Gin, and Brandy is all the same,
Consuming of Money, and spending of Time.

There is so many Religions now got up of late,
Which causes Division of both Church and State;
The Quakers and Papists and the Methodies,
The Turks and the Jews they are born of a Size.

The Seeders, Swedlers, run to the Fields,
New Lights and Independents that's Dirt to the Heels,
The old Church of England I'll ever adore,
And pray for King George although I be poor.

Your Ladies of Pleasure who walk in the Night,
With their Warches and Tweezer, and Laces to bright,
They meet with a Stranger that loves the old Game,
They will pick his Pocket its twenty to one.

For tricking and sharpening few can them excell,
As modest as Ladies, as cunning as Hell,
As crafty as Foxes that watch out their Prey,
And oft leave their Sweethearts the Reckoning to pay.

Our Scrvant Girls are run'd so proud,
With their Rings and Ruffles, and black Velvet Hoods,
As fine as my Lady I vow and declare,
Say what should our Madams of Quality wear?

Now Tea is grown so common among great and small,
We must be in Fashion whatever befall;
The Chimney-sweeper's Miss last Day I did see,
With Tom Tinkler's Wife sat drinking of Tea.

There Scores in the City that's scarce worth a Groat,
Nor yet can you know the first Form of their Coat,
But now they are set like Persons of Quality,
With their Sugar and Butter and fine Bohea Tea!

Our Pipers and Fiddlers, and Beggars also,
For daily Relief to the Farmers do go,
And thus by their Calling it plainly is seen,
That the poor Farmer ges all to maintain.

The Arch Denial.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis* suppose my fond Eye
Reveal with what Ardour they glow,
Reveal with what Ardour they glow,
Well what if they do? there's no Harm sure
cries.

I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose from those Lips i should ask a sweet Kiss
Say would you the Favour bestow
Say would you the Favour bestow?

O bleis me, said she, what a Question is this
I can but deny you, you know, you know
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more,
(For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow)
(For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow)
Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before
I can but deny you, you know, you know
I can but deny you, you know.

Then come my dear girl to the Wood let's rep
Says *Damon* and offered to go,
Says *Damon* and offered to go,
No, no, with a blush, answer'd *Phillis* for the
I could not deny you, you know, you know
I could not deny you, you know.